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## NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

A woman named Bridget Fox, living in Bull-lane, Dublin took ill suddenly in her lodgings, on Thursday, July 18th, and died while being conveyed to Richmond Hospital.

The good results of the Compulsory Vaccination Act are strikingly exhibited in the return of deaths registered in the Dublin district during the past quarter. The estimated population is 314,409, and the total number of deaths registered during the quarter was 2,173, yet not one of these was from small pox.

The total number of dogs registered in Dublin for the past year was 333,798, amount of duty paid was £35,373 16s 0d.

We take the following with regard to the health of Dublin from the Freeman:—In the Dublin Registration District (which extends over an area of 9,745 statute acres, and had, by the census of 1861, a population of 314,409), the deaths registered during the week ending July 13 amounted to 169 80 boys and 50 girls. The number in the corresponding week of last year was 146. The deaths registered during the week were 124—62 males and 62 females. In the corresponding week of last year the number was 95. Only two deaths from fever were registered during the week, against an average of seven in the corresponding week of the previous three years. Measles was the cause of 20 deaths. Four deaths from scarlatina, and two from hooping cough were registered during the week. One death was ascribed to diphtheria. Two deaths resulted from diarrhoea. A laborer, aged 37, died on the 6th inst. in Cork Street Hospital of "pleuro-pneumonia (4 days), malignant purpura (5 hours)." Four deaths resulted from apoplexy, and 12 from consumption. Bronchitis caused 11 deaths, and phthisis, or pulmonary consumption, 16.

A man suffering from illness was lately brought to the South Dublin Union, and was admitted in the usual manner. When his clothes were being exchanged it was discovered that he was possessed of, in money and bank deposits, £437. It was stated by one of the guardians that he had lent money to the amount of £250. The "pauper" was since his admission removed to a pay ward in one of the city hospitals.

At a meeting of the Dublin Town Council held on Monday, July 15, Dr. Carroll, T. C., was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. His opponent, on the occasion, was Alderman Mackey. Dr. Carroll was elected by the Liberal portion of the Council. Sir John Gray, M. P., Mr. Dennelly and Mr. Joseph (all of whom voted for Dr. Carroll) were loudly applauded carrying their votes, and Alderman Campbell and Councillors Callow, Lombard and French were vigorously hissed.

## Wexford.

On Tuesday, July 16, Mr. Cherry, J. P., New Ross, and his man, died of narrow escape from drowning in the New Ross river. It appears that having been at Annaglis with his family, and that of his brother, upon a picnic excursion, and wishing to return in the evening by the New Ross and Waterford steamer, he put off in a small boat to get on board the steamer, as she was returning to New Ross. When the little boat reached the steamer, by some mischance, it got under the paddles, and was upset, both its occupants being cast into the water. They contrived to support themselves in the water till assistance could be given them from the steamer. They were taken on board after a rather long struggle, under the circumstances, but not without having had a narrow escape of their lives.

Died, on the 5th of July, at Ballybore, Outland, after a few days' illness, and retaining his faculties to the last, Mr. Myles Sinnott, aged 89 years. He fought in the engagements of Oulart Hill and Ennisorthy. The last of the North Cork Militia, to the number of 24, including Major Lombard and Hon. Captain De Courcy, were killed on his farm, and most of them interred there. Mr. Sinnott was descended from the Sinnott of Ballytramon Castle, who fought so hard against Cromwell, and were ruthlessly scattered by that monster as soon as he occupied the town of Wexford. May he rest in peace!

## Westmeath.

The Athlone correspondent of the Irish Times, writing under date of July 18, says:—As the driver of the first train from Galway, due here at 8.30, was crossing at Summerhill, he observed some large stones placed on the rails which he at once saw menaced certain destruction to the train, and the train reversing the steam lessened the speed, but did not prevent the engine guards being broken and the train stopped with a terrific shock. Fortunately no one was hurt; and, upon examination, it was found that blocks of stone were placed in several places on the line. With some difficulty the train was taken on, and upon its arrival here Mr. O'Brien, the station-master, and some members of the constabulary force went to examine the place. It was found that to obtain the stones the coping off

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more than 40 feet boundary wall had been thrown down. Some of those blocks weighed from one to two hundred pounds, and upon inquiry it was stated by a man working in an adjoining field that he saw a laboring man, as he looked to him at the time to be one of the company's workmen, busily employed some hours before in knocking the wall over on the line, and that when he saw the train coming he ran across the fields in the direction of Athlone. This is the third attempt to upset the train within the last month. A few evenings since the points at the bridge were reversed, so as to throw the train into the river as it crossed. The attempt, however, we are glad to say, was unsuccessful.

## Cork.

About five o'clock on Thursday evening, July 11, a child about five years of age, named Michael Kennedy, the son of a brush and bellows maker, living on Bachelor's quay, while playing near the quay wall, fell into the river through one of the slats in the wall. The child, twenty years of age, and soon became perfectly helpless—indeed, was drifting down the river with its face barely above the water. A large crowd assembled on the Gate Bridge, who saw the little fellow's struggles, but no one offered assistance till a little fellow named Michael Donohoe, 15 years of age, a shoemaker's apprentice, at work in a house on the quay, rushed out, and, not hesitating to divest himself of a single article of clothing he had on him, jumped into the river upon and all, and swam after the child, down towards the bridge. He reached it before it sank, and then swam back to the quay wall, supporting its head above water all the time. Constable Quinn, of the Standon street station, who was then on the spot obtained ladder, and having descended by means of it to the surface of the water, brought up both of the children for, notwithstanding the gallantry and lines of the little rescuer's act, he could be called nothing else. The child was taken to Dr. Allen's North Mall, where restoratives were applied, and he was soon returned to consciousness. The bravery of the little hero's conduct needs no comment, especially when we consider that this little life he has been instrumental in saving the same way.—Cork Examiner.

On Saturday, the 13th of July, Constable A. Cosgrove, of the Kilbeggan station, and some of his men, went out in the country to search for arms. After travelling about three miles they searched the house of a man named John Donovan, and found concealed in the thatch of the house, a pike with the handle broken out of it. It was a formidable looking weapon, not of the "Old Croppy" style, nor yet did it appear to have been lately manufactured, but might have been in existence since 1798. It was 27 in. in length; the blade double-edged, and tapering to a point; the edges were as sharp as a knife, and had the appearance of being lately sharpened. It had neither the hook or hatched of the "Old Croppy."

During the violent thunder storm which recently swept over the locality, some men in the employment of Mr. Nagle, Kildrin, left the hay field, and with their scythes and other implements in their hands, sought shelter from torrents of rain which poured down between the peaks of thunder in a grove which stood at one side of the meadow. Three of the men were standing together under a beech tree, when it was struck by lightning, and rent as clearly through the trunk to the very roots, as if split down the centre by some gigantic axe, the sundried sides parting with a gap between. One of the men who was leaning against the tree was knocked down and rendered insensible, his scythe being wrenched from his hand, the blade torn from the handle, and wrested in a most fantastic manner. He was somewhat stunned himself, but soon recovered, while both his companions saved their momentary fright, escaped entirely unscathed, and this, notwithstanding their proximity to the tree and the danger with which they were at the moment in actual contact. Almost at the same time the lightning passed down the chimney of a cottage, the residence of a poor man named Kenally, not far from the spot where the above accident occurred. Kenally and his wife were then at work out of doors; but there were in the house a child of nine years and her brother. A pig which was eating its food from a trough on the kitchen floor was killed on the spot, its flesh being found afterwards deeply discolored and all the bristles of the neck signed off. Both the children escaped unhurt.—Cork Examiner.

## Limerick.

One of our exchanges has the following:—Two young lads, the one

named Michael Barrett, the other Henry Reilly, enlisted in the 16th Regiment of Foot, in Limerick over sixty years ago. They served abroad together, were in the Burmese war and in several other campaigns in India, in the Peninsula, and elsewhere. They were men of good character, and excellent lives. They were discharged from their regiment on the same day, with the highest remarks of esteem from their officers; they returned to their native city on the same day—viz., Saturday July 13, and they were conveyed to the grave on the same day—on Tuesday, in the new Cemetery of St. Laurence.

An old man in the county Limerick, aged 86 years, earned last week five shillings per day for weeding four acres of oats. He did the work in four days, and was not the least fatigued at its termination.—Limerick Chronicle, July 16.

## Waterford.

On Saturday afternoon, July 13th, five boys, whose ages varied from seven to twelve years, in making a short passage from the Gentlemen's Cove to Lady Elizabeth's Cove, Trimore Bay, proceeded to scale the cliffs intervening. They ascended about a hundred feet from the beach, when the ground being very loose, two of the lads fell on the rocks, one having his thigh broken and his head cut; the other sustaining internal injury. These two are Kelley and Hahassey. A younger lad named Kelly, brother of the former, clung to the cliff, and was rescued by the coast guards, who, upon the alarm being given, hastened to the spot, and lowered a rope with a noose at the end, which he attached to his person and was hauled up. Another of the lads managed to reach the top, and the fifth succeeded in retracing his steps and reached the strand safely. Under the skillful management of Dr. Waters, the surgeons were, at last accounts, improving steadily.

On Tuesday, July 16th, at Waterford, Jas. Ormonde, James O'Neill, Edward Flynn, Patrick Gleeson, James Sullivan and John Russell, the latter four quite young boys, were indicted for a riot and tumultuous assembly on the 13th of June, and also for an assault on Constable Mercer. Sergeant Armstrong, Messrs. O'Donnell, Q. C., and Coates prosecuted; and Mr. Lovers defended Jas. O'Neill, one of the traversers. A large amount of testimony was taken, and the hearing of the case took up a considerable portion of the day. A good deal of evidence was given with reference to O'Neill, who is the son of a wealthy shopkeeper, and in a respectable position in life, to show that he had been accidentally present through curiosity, and he received the highest character from the Rev. Mr. Kent, and Mr. Robinson, a merchant. At the end of the testimony found the prisoners guilty. Sullivan was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment; O'Neill to six, and the other boys, with the exception of a little boy, who was discharged, to five and three months' imprisonment.

## Tipperary.

A correspondent writing from Tipperary on July 11, says:—A thunderstorm of the most terrific description passed over this town this evening. The day was remarkably sultry and dark, and at about four o'clock p.m. it became much darker. The clouds began to float very low and the rain to drop heavily. A slight rumbling sound was heard for a few minutes, and then a crashing peal. The sound was fearful in the extreme, so unexpected, so loud, so concentrated—not an empty sound which seems to be the greatest effect of the cause which produces it, but a deep searching, crushing sound that filled every one with dismay. The effect of this was great. Horses that were standing on the side of the street ran madly away; men staggered back and I've been told that the very dogs in the houses howled piteously and cringed and licked their owners' feet. Every one fled at once into their houses. The lightning flashed at times with only ordinary brightness, but occasionally it shone outside the windows like that flash of a large quantity of ignited gunpowder. This continued until 5.30 o'clock a.m., when it stopped almost as quickly as it commenced. Within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant no thunder no thunder-storm half so dreadful has been heard. It has been reported about the town by a very respectable townsman who says he has seen their charred bodies, that a woman and an ass have been destroyed by lightning near Ballyvere, 16 miles from here.

The distances from New York to Sacramento, by railroad route, is 3,129 miles, of which 1,877 have been completed and are now in successful operation, leaving but 1,252 miles yet to be built.

## The Patriot's Farewell to Erin.

BY AGNES MACNAMARA.

I'm leaving thee, Erin, dear land of my birth,  
Through the old haunts I'll wander no more,  
I'll have but thy memory to cheer my sad heart,  
And the dream of thy grand far-off shore.  
I may dream of my home to awaken in sorrow,  
And find that the tyrant's dark hand  
Has driven me from thee, no peace can I borrow,  
While I dwell in the dear stranger land.  
I'm leaving thee, Erin, in grief and in sadness,  
I'm leaving my mother's cot,  
The graves where thy slumber no more shall I see them,  
Oh! hard is the emigrant's lot.  
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## The Chicken's Mistake.

A little dandy chicken one day  
Went out to go to the market,  
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,  
Swimming and splashing about her.  
Indeed, she began to peep and cry,  
When her mother would not let her;  
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?  
Are they any bigger or better?"  
Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,  
Just look at your feet and you will see  
They were only made for walking."  
But chirpy wistfully eyed the brook,  
And said to herself, "I'll be true,  
For I know there's a just God above,  
Who hears the loud cry of a people oppressed  
By his merciless lord and his traitor priest."  
And she thought, "I'll show her."  
Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,  
And saw too late her blunder;  
For she hadn't hardly time to peep  
Till her foolish head went under.  
And now I hope her fate will show  
To all who hope to go to the water,  
That those who are older sometimes know  
What you will do in heading.  
That each content in his place should dwell,  
And not his head be lifted up to the sky,  
For we all have our proper sphere below  
And this is a truth worth knowing;  
You will never be wiser if you try to go  
Where you never were meant for going!  
PUNCE CANT.

## THE UNBOLTED DOOR.

An aged widow sat alone  
Beside her narrow bed,  
Her head on her pillow,  
The ringing laugh of her  
Six children once had sported there, but now the  
Tells softly on five little graves that were not long ago.  
She mourned them all with patient love,  
But since her eyes had shed  
Far better tears than these,  
The faces of the dead.  
The child which had been spared to her, her darling,  
The woe that lived to wish that she had all so died.

Those little ones beneath the snow,  
Not that he but that she,  
Faith taught her all was well with them,  
And then the pang was o'er;  
But when she thought where Katie was, she saw  
The city's glare.  
The painted mask of bitter joy which Need gives  
To a woe.  
Without the snow was thick and white,  
No step had fallen there;  
Within she sat beside her fire,  
Faith taught her all was well with them,  
And then the pang was o'er;  
But when she thought where Katie was, she saw  
The city's glare.  
The painted mask of bitter joy which Need gives  
To a woe.  
They did not talk about the sin,  
The shame, the bitter woe;  
They spoke about those little graves,  
And things of long ago.  
And then the daughter raised her eyes, and said  
In tender tones,  
"Why did you keep your door unbarred when  
You were quite alone?"  
"My child," the widow said, and smiled  
A smile of love and pain;  
"I kept it so lest you should come, and turn  
Away again.  
I've waited for you all the while—a mother's love  
Is true;  
Yet is it but the shadowy type of His who died  
For you!"

## TIT FOR TAT.

"Was there ever such a jealous fellow, always contriving some new test to subject my affections to?"  
said Julia Harvey to her sister, Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Captain Paul Wilcox, an officer in an infantry regiment, who wrote to prepare her to receive him. He told her that she would find him much changed, for he had been wounded in the leg and lost his left arm; that he should not hold her to her engagement, though he loved her as dearly as ever. Now, it happened that Julia had a correspondent in the army from whom she had discovered that

the captain had received no injuries, and that his story was concocted purely as an additional test of the devotedness of the fair one.

"We'll pay him off for this trick, Julia," said Mrs. Markham. "Come with me and I'll instruct you how to give him change in his own coin."  
Shortly after the ladies had retired, Captain Wilcox, pluming himself on his stratagem, was alone in the drawing-room. He had buttoned his arm up in his coat, and the left sleeve was empty, while he counterfeited a halting gait, and put a large piece of plaster on his left cheek to cover an imaginary salver cut.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Markham appeared.

"Returned at last!" cried she, warmly shaking hands. "My dear Paul!"  
"There's not much left of me—little better than half," said the soldier. "I left my arm in the West Indies."

"And how is your leg?"

"Very poorly. I am troubled with daily exfoliation of the bone."

"Poor Julia!" she sighed.

"She will be much affected at the change in me, will she not?" asked the Brave Captain.

"Oh, dear, no! I was thinking of the change in her."

"Change in her!"

"What! haven't you heard?"

"Not a word."

"Ah! I see—she was afraid to write to you. She has lost all her beauty!"

"Possible!"

"Yes—you know she was never vaccinated."

"Never vaccinated?"

"No—and she had the small pox very badly. Poor Julia. She has lost the sight of her right eye. Her face is very much discolored. Her nose is terribly red."

"Yes. It doesn't matter so much about her eyes—she wears blue spectacles."

"Blue spectacles and a red nose!" exclaimed the Captain.

"But you don't mind that. Beauty is nothing," said Mrs. Markham, who was ravishingly beautiful herself. You love Julia for her heart; you always told her so. And as you are so minded and disfigured yourself, why, you can sympathize with and console each other. You will be a very well assorted couple—three arms and three eyes between you."

"And a red nose and blue spectacles?" groaned the Captain.

"Hush! here comes Julia," said Mrs. Markham. "Don't appear shocked, Julia, my dear, here's the Captain."

The door opened, and Julia, entered. She had painted her face most artistically; a pair of blue spectacles concealed her fine, black eyes, but the marvelous feature of her face was her nose—it glowed with all the brilliancy of a carbuncle.

"Oh, dear Paul," said she; poor, dear Paul; how much you must have suffered."

"I have one arm left for you to lean upon," said the Captain.

"But you are lame. We can never dance the Schottische more."

"I don't know but I can manage it, all but the side steps and hops," said the Captain, ruefully.

"But don't you find me hideous?" asked the fair one.

"Not exactly," said the poor Captain. The tip of your nose is rather a warm color, to be sure."

"Oh, the doctor says it will settle into a purple, by-and-by."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said the Captain abstractedly.

"Do you think I shall look better with a purple nose?" asked Julia.

"Speak not of it," said the Captain. "But tell me, when you heard of my injuries, were you not inclined to relinquish my hand?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then forgive my deception," said the captain. "Here is my left arm as sound as ever. I have no wound upon my cheek; I can dance from dark till dawn."

"How could you be so cruel?" said Julia.

"It is my turn to ask you whether you are still willing to fulfill your engagement with me?"

"With all my heart," said the captain. "I am grieved for the loss of your beauty, I confess; but your heart and mind are dearer than your person."

"Excuse me for a moment," said the lady; "I must retire for a few moments."

In an instant she returned, radiant in all the glory of her charms.

"Paul," said she, "how do you like me now?"

"You are an angel," said the captain, holding her in his arms. "How could you treat me so cruelly with the red nose and the spectacles?"

"Not a word of that," said the

beauty. "We have friends in camp who exposed your jealous folly, and it was only tit for tat."

"I deserve it all," said the captain, and here I avow I am cured of jealousy forever."

When they were married, which followed as a matter of course, they were pronounced the handsomest couple that ever submitted to the matrimonial noose.

## THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Litz, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The next day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger, an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness his visitor said:

"I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title; notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instructions I gained a comfortable livelihood."

Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-day I set out for home penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty; it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it the more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Litz opened a drawer in his writing desk and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There? Why, there's scarcely anything."

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Litz, smiling, "that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medalion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made to me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician cried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Litz would not listen to a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew after invoking the choicest blessing of Heaven upon his generous benefactors.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he was unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and, while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words to one of his assistants. The latter went out, but speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," said he; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Litz hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Litz."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand francs—that is to say, about five hundred guineas or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him upon whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means, and yet, by just moving my fingers I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You must be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Litz had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then as the last note died away, she cried with irrepressible enthusiasm:

"Bravo, Litz! 'tis wonderful!"

"Dost thou know him then my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I do know that none living, save Litz, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Litz withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Litz, than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a primary light, may be more valuable than the most precious of diamonds. Litz continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the great cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning, the jeweler coming to the point with German frankness, said to Litz:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She's an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a forthright of three millions francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready to be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Litz.

A beardless youth, dressed in fashionable attire, put up at a boarding-house in Atlanta, a few days since, with the expressed intention of waiting for a friend. During the two succeeding days suspicions were entertained that Mr.—was a girl in male attire, and the following ruse was adopted to ascertain the fact: One of the gentlemen of the house tossed up carelessly in the presence of the young man (1) a little child, and on making a feint as though intending to allow the child to fall, the youth in breeches, afore-said, uttered words like—small scream. This test was considered experimentum crucis, and the landlord charged Mr.—with usurping the prerogative of the male sex, which was admitted. The young



A Tribune special says the President, under with respect to Generals Hancock and Grant will probably be issued tomorrow, with a blaise similar to that issued in the case of Thomas Grant considers directions to Hancock (by the President) to act for himself as an additional example of the kind of posture he is taking on the question of the President's authority to issue orders by the Congress. These powers Grant will not yield. It is generally expected that Johnson will relieve Grant Secretary of War and appoint some working tool; but Grant claims that, under the Reconstruction act, all orders must be issued by the President and Secretary of War relative of the military must be issued through the General of the Army. Orders issued contrary to this section are null and void, and the officer issuing the same is guilty of misdemeanor.







